

*The Tragidie*

*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,  
In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,  
So long a growing and so leisurely,  
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.  
*Car.* Why Madam, so no doubt he is,  
*Dut.* I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.  
*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,  
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine)  
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did  
*Dut.* How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.  
*Yor.* Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,  
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.  
*Granam*, this would haue beene a pritty iest.  
*Dut.* I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?  
*Yor.* *Granam*, his Nurse.  
*Dut.* Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.  
*Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.  
*Qu.* A petilous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,  
*Car.* Good Madam be not angry with the child.  
*Qu.* Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset.*  
*Car.* Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,  
What newes Lord Marques?  
*Dor.* Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.  
*Qu.* How fares the Prince?  
*Dor.* Well Madam, and in health:  
*Dut.* What is the newes then?  
*Dor.* Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to Pomfret,  
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.  
*Dut.* Who hath committed them?  
*Dor.* The Mighty Dukes *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.  
*Car.* For what offence?  
*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:  
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,  
Is all vnkowne to me, my gracious Lady.  
*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,  
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hiinde:  
Insulting tyranny begins to iet.

*of Richard the Third*

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse thron  
Welcome destruction, death and massa  
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.  
*Dut.* Accursed and vnquiet wrangling  
How many of you haue mine eyes beh  
My husband lost his life to get the crow  
And often vp and downe my sonnes w  
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine an  
And being seated, and domesticke broy  
Cleane ouer blowne, themselves the con  
Make war vpon themselves, blood agai  
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous  
And frankticke outrage, end thy damne  
Or let me die to looke on death no more  
*Qu.* Come, come, my boy, we will to  
*Dut.* Ile goe along with you.  
*Qu.* You haue no cause.  
*Car.* My gracious Lady, go.  
And thither beare your treasure and your  
For my part, Ile refigne vnto your grace  
The Scale I keepe, and so betide to me,  
As well I tender you, and all yours:  
Come Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary.  
*The Trumpets sound Enter young p*  
*Glocester, and Buckingham, Car*  
*Buc.* Welcome sweete Prince to London  
*Glo.* Welcome sweete Cosen my thoug  
The weary way hath made you malanch  
*Prin.* No Vncle, but our crosses one the v  
Haue made it tedious, wearisome and lea  
I waite more Vncles heere to welcome me  
*Glo.* Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue  
Haue not yet diued into the worlds dece  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,  
Then of his outward shew, which God ha  
Seldome or neuer iumperth with the heart:  
Those vncles which you want were dange  
Your grace attended to their sugred word  
But looke not on the poyson of their hearts